The Roh-i-nour:

OR

MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

EAR OF LAND

A Doen,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

NEW-YORK AEPHA

OF THE

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY,

AT UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, JULY 27, 1852.

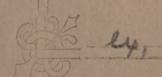
BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

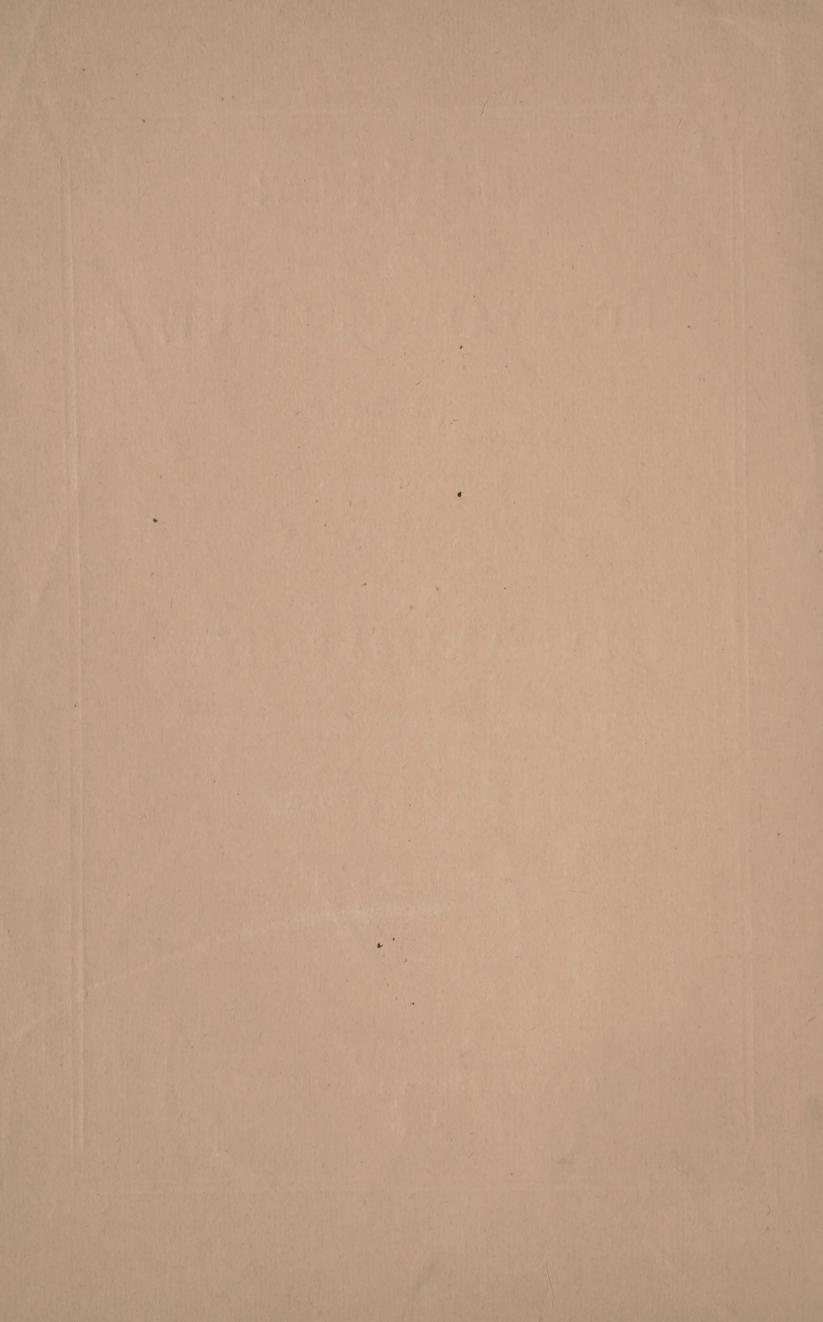
[PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.]

Schenectudy:

G. Y. VAN DEBOGART, 89 STATE STREET.

1852.









The Roh-i-noor:

OR.

MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

A poem,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

NEW-YORK ALPHA

OF THE

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY,

AT UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, JULY 27, 1852.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT,

[PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.]

STREETHONIA

Schenectady:

G. Y. VAN DEBOGART, 89 STATE-STREET.

1852.



PS 2039

S. S. RIGGS, PRINTER. SCHENECTADY.





The Moh-i-noor;

OR,

MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Where Hudson wakes his tuneful shell
To bid the Palisades farewell,
As o'er the western wave on high
Their rocky turrets meet the sky,
A lonely summit seems to say—
Ye people ponder well the day,
When heroes climbed these crags so drear,
And planted Freedom's standard here.

A patriot youth of musing mind,
The devious rugged pathway found,
And stood upon that hallowed ground.
There pensive by a ruined wall
That oft had turned the deadly ball,
And sheltered many a weary head,
Not pillowed yet on battle's bed,







An ancient pilgrim sat at rest,

Whom thus the venturous youth addressed:

"Good father,—mournful, yet sublime,

These records of the olden time;

Each mossy stone more dear to me

Than any glittering gem could be."

Serenely spoke the reverend sage:

"Fair youth, might I thine ear engage,
This storied scene I could exceed,
And show a gem of worth indeed."

The youth drew near the ancient man,
And thus his wondrous story ran:

There is afar a land most fair,

And happy all the dwellers there;

Yet once a youthful son would roam

To other climes from that sweet home,

Long years perchance to sigh, apart

From all that cheered his eye and heart.

High-born he was, and wealth untold,

As 't were in waves, around him rolled,

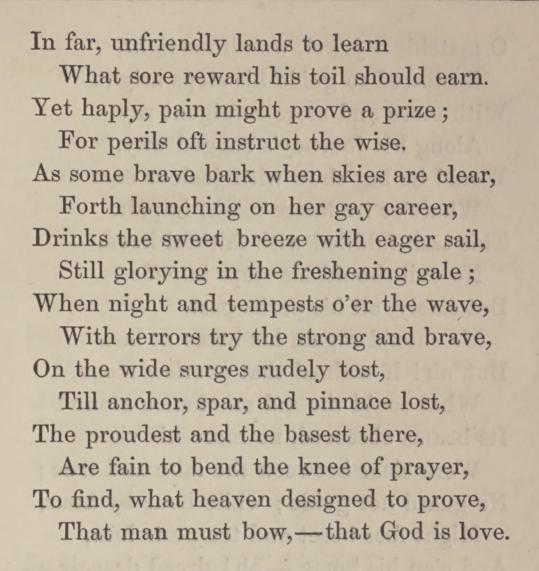
Parental love so bounteous gave

Whate'er of joy the soul can crave,

And he, all artless and unstained,

Gave back in worth the grace he gained.

Ah, sad to leave such blest abode To travel life's uncertain road,



How beauteous, that delightsome day,
The wanderer, as he passed away,
Robed as beseemed his regal mien;
But chief upon his bosom seen,
Pouring its splendors near and far,
As 't were a radiant morning star,
A purer and a brighter gem
Than ever graced a diadem;
And fitly named, so great, so pure,—
Mountain of Light,—The Koh-i-noor.



O matchless jewel, wondrous light, Bestowed to guide his steps aright, With more and more refulgent ray, Along his journey's rugged way, Would he but shun with jealous care Whate'er its lustre might impair. This task fulfilled with faithful heed, No evil should his steps impede, But safely, all his perils past, He should regain his home at last. But, ah! if stained that peerless stone, What could the sad mischance atone? Its beams obscured, no more his view Were clear between the false and true; No guard nor guide; while hour by hour, Might foes beset and tempests lour, And e'en his home, —ah! dread despair, — No token to admit him there.

And here received the Christian name.

Baptized for Him whose life He gave
A ruined world to bless and save.

Full well these rocks his footsteps knew
Ere war the blast of battle blew,

Or patriots piled you ancient mound
And these rude ruins thus around.

But his was then no warrior's part,

Love ruled alone his youthful heart,





And truth and innocence made sure His jewel still all bright and pure.

As oft the camp he wandered near,
The whistling ball, the groan, the shout,
The roar from yonder old redoubt,
The stern command, the tramping feet,
Swift hastening the foe to meet,
Where hilt to hilt, and gun to gun,
Dread deeds of blood and death were done.
How heaved his breast with many sighs,
How gushed the anguish from his eyes,
When thus, in this lone nook of earth,
He learned what Liberty is worth.

So passed his days of sojourn here,
Till lured to pleasure's gay career,
Where the voluptuous city calls
The youthful to her festive halls.

Alas the day, when craves the soul
To quaff delight from folly's bowl;
What sorrows lurk in joys so brief,
Remorse and unavailing grief.
Alas that young Alexis found
His foot upon enchanted ground.
Bright shone his jewel when he came,
But soon decreased its glowing flame,







Still lessening each luxurious hour,
As still the revel and the bower,
With rapturous and oblivious spell,
Entranced his senses, till—he fell!

As shoots a star across the sky,

A charm and wonder to the eye,
Then sudden in its radiant flight
Sinks in the gloom of utter night;
Or, like the beaming love and truth
When woman plights her heart and youth,
By falsehood's cruel arts betrayed,
Quenched in the depths of sorrow's shade,
Upon her cheek and worshipped name,
The darksome blot of sin and shame;
So, on his gem a cloud, a stain
Its ray might never pierce again.

Oh, innocence, the fairest rose

That still in childhood's Eden blows,

How sweet its bloom, but ah, its stay

Diminished to how brief a day.

His Paradise all withered now,
A serpent coiled on every bough,
On every drooping leaf a tear,
Sad voices whispering doubt and fear,
His way all intricate and dark,
No friendly guide, no jewel-spark





To show aright the dubious way, Forth rushed Alexis,—far astray.

Came then fair phantoms, calling near,
Come hither youth, thy hope is here.
Here shall the lustre so deplored
Be to thy longing sight restored;
The Koh-i-noor again shall shine,
Or gems yet brighter shall be thine;
Forbear thy sad repinings now,
Mountains of Light shall grace thy brow.

Then open many a portal flew,
Where glorious vistas sprang to view,
So brilliant all, the wavering eye,
Were fain each tempting path to try.
As sunlight o'er the polar gloom,
He bade sweet Hope her sway resume,
And on with earnest step he sped,
No more in doubt, no more in dread.

Grave Erudition beckoning near,
Persuaded first his eager ear;
Showed the delights of all her lore
Would he her mysteries explore.
Then called Ambition,—Traveller, lo,
This the true way where thou should'st go:
From these wide avenues thy name
Shall fill the mighty trump of fame.



Then Affluence, at her gates of gold:
Impoverished wanderer, behold
The glittering path from care and fear,
Forget thy jewel,—enter here.
Then Power,—and Friendship,—Love,—and Ease,
Assiduous strove to win and please;
And promised harmless to ensure
The clouded, ruined Koh-i-noor.

Each voice he heard, each path pursued,
His toil still fruitless, still renewed,
As went the weary seasons o'er,
Till folly could beguile no more.
'T was all deceit;—nor show, nor change,
Nor travel through a world-wide range,
His heart from anguish could release
And give a troubled conscience—peace;
All learning, art, and wealth were vain,
They could not cleanse that fatal stain.
Oft to his gaze the gem he drew,
But, ah, 't was still of inky hue.

It was the holy day of rest,

The wanderer's footsteps hither pressed,
Despair o'ershadowing all his sky,

He sought these rocks again,—to die;
And came, where, from a House of Prayer
Soft notes of worship climbed the air;





Then to the portal drawing near, Fell this sweet psalm upon his ear:

"O Thou, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it looks to Thee,
O burst its bonds, and set it free.
Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way.
When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart."

He knelt with deep contrition's sigh,
And from the fountains of his eye
Repentant pearls were brimming o'er,
As ne'er had glittered there before.
Then on his gem there fell a tear,
And lo! its ray again was clear!
Swift sped his midnight gloom away,
And all was joy, and life, and day.

Dear youth, that wanderer here behold; Infirm, and weary, poor and old;







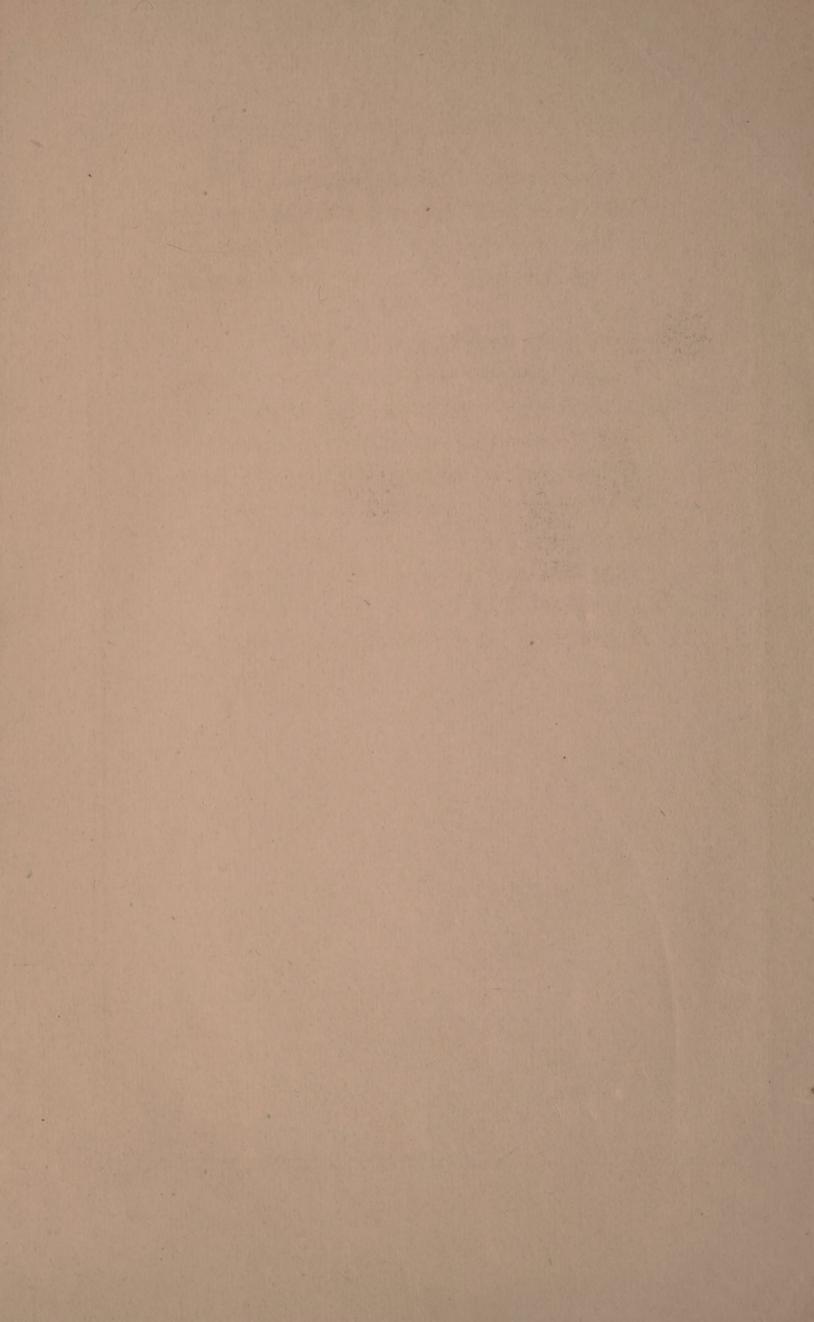
Yet trusting that Redeemer's name,
Who thus hath cleansed my soul from shame.
The light, and love, and peace are mine,
Which flow to man through grace divine.

Let these memorials, gentle youth,
Inspire thy soul with strength and truth;
Thy heart may well these cliffs revere,
For Washington and Lee were here;
And those brave bands of Trenton's field,
Who made thy country's foemen yield,
And won the chaplet for her brow,
That marks thee for a Freeman now:
But would'st thou Life and Light secure,
Guard well the Heavenly Koh-i-noor!





Mar. 30, 18 4



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 012 074 292 9